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The SPECTATOR.

Quale per incertam Lunam ſub luce maligna
Eſt iter in Sylvis: —— Virg.

MONDAY, *September* 13. 1714.

MY dreaming Correſpondent, Mr. *Shadow*, has ſent me a ſecond Letter, with ſeveral curious Obſervations on Dreams in general, and the Method to render Sleep improving: An Extract of his Letter will not, I preſume, be diſagreeable to my Readers.

'SInce we have ſo little Time to ſpare, that none 'of it may be loſt, I ſee no Reaſon why we 'ſhould neglect to examine thoſe imaginary Scenes we 'are preſented with in Sleep, only becauſe they have 'leſs Reality in them than our waking Meditations. 'A Traveller would bring his Judgment in Queſtion 'who ſhould deſpiſe the Directions of his Map for 'want of real Roads in it, becauſe here ſtands a '*Dott* inſtead of a Town, or a *Cypher* inſtead of a 'City, and it muſt be a long Day's Journey to tra-'vel thro' two or three Inches. Fancy in Dreams 'gives us much ſuch another Landskip of Life as 'that does of Countries, and tho' its Appearances 'may ſeem ſtrangely jumbled together, we may of-'ten obſerve ſuch Traces and Footſteps of noble 'Thoughts, as, if carefully purſued, might lead 'us into a proper Path of Action. There is ſo 'much Rapture and Extaſie in our fancied Bliſs, 'and ſomething ſo diſmal and ſhocking in our fan-'cied Miſery, that tho' the Inactivity of the Body 'has given Occaſion for calling Sleep the Image of '*Death*, the Briskneſs of the Fancy affords us a 'ſtrong Intimation of ſomething within us that 'can never die.

'I have wondered, that *Alexander* the Great, 'who came into the World ſufficiently dreamt 'of by his Parents, and had himſelf a tolera-'ble knack at dreaming, ſhould often ſay, that '*Sleep was one thing which made him ſenſible* 'he was Mortal. I who have not ſuch Fields 'of Action in the Day-time to divert my Attention 'from this Matter, plainly perceive, that in thoſe 'Operations of the Mind, while the Body is at reſt, 'there is a certain Vaſtneſs of Conception very ſuit-'able to the Capacity, and demonſtrative of the 'Force, of that Divine Part in our Compoſition 'which will laſt for ever. Neither do I much doubt 'but that had we a true Account of the Won-

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'ders the Hero laſt mentioned performed in his 'Sleep, his conquering this little Globe would hard-'ly be worth mentioning. I may affirm, without 'Vanity, that when I compare ſeveral Actions in '*Quintus Curtius* with ſome others in my own 'Noctuary, appear the greater Hero of the two.

I ſhall cloſe this Subject with obſerving, that while we are awake, we are at Liberty to fix our Thoughts on what we pleaſe, but in Sleep we have not the Command of them. The Ideas which ſtrike the Fancy, ariſe in us without our Choice, either from the Occurrences of the Day paſt, the Temper we lye down in, or it may be the Direction of ſome ſuperior Being.

It is certain the Imagination may be ſo differently affected in Sleep, that our Actions of the Day might be either rewarded or puniſhed with a little Age of Happineſs or Miſery. St. *Auſtin* was of Opinion, that if in *Paradiſe* there was the ſame Viciſſitude of ſleeping and waking as in the preſent World, the Dreams of its Inhabitants would be very happy.

And ſo far at preſent our Dreams are in our Power, that they are generally conformable to our waking Thoughts, ſo that it is not impoſſible to convey our ſelves to a Conſort of Muſick, the Converſation of diſtant Friends, or any other Entertainment which has been before lodged in the Mind.

My Readers, by applying theſe Hints, will find the Neceſſity of making a *good Day* of it, if they heartily wiſh themſelves a *good Night*.

I have often conſidered *Marcia*'s Prayer, and *Lucius*'s Account of *Cato* in this Light.

Marc. *O ye immortal Powers, that guard the Juſt,*
Watch round his Couch, and ſoften his Repoſe,
Baniſh his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
With eaſie Dreams; remember all his Virtues!
And ſhow Mankind that Goodneſs is your Care.

Luc. *Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man!*
O Marcia, *I have ſeen thy Godlike Father:*
Some Pow'r inviſible ſupports his Soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted Greatneſs.
A kind refreſhing Sleep is fall'n upon him:
I ſaw him ſtretcht at Eaſe, his Fancy loſt
In pleaſing Dreams; as I drew near his Couch,
He ſmil'd, and cry'd, Cæſar thou can'ſt not hurt me.

Mr. *Shadow* acquaints me in a Poſtſcript, that he has no manner of Title to the Viſion which ſucceeded his firſt Letter; but adds, that as the Gentleman who wrote it Dreams very ſenſibly, he ſhall be glad to meet him ſome Night or other, under the great Elm Tree by which *Virgil* has given us a fine Metaphorical Image of Sleep, in order to turn over a few of the Leaves together, and oblige the Publick with an Account of the Dreams that lie under them.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Gentlewoman who practis'd Phyſick in Diſtempers incident to her own Sex in Wine-Office Court and Hind-Court in Fleet-ſtreet, being now return'd to England, this is to give Notice to thoſe Ladies who have lamented her Abſence, by Reaſon of the poyſonous Mercurials and Biſmouth-Powder, a Preparation made up with Aqua Fortis, ſold at Chymiſts, Apothecaries, and Powder-ſhops, they have been forc'd to make Uſe of for want of her excellent Preparations, that ſhe is to be ſpoken with at the Golden Heart and Golden Ball next Door to Mr. Ridout's, Surgeon, in Salisbury-Court, Fleet-ſtreet, where they may be furniſh'd with her Coſmeticks for the Face, prepar'd by her own Hand, which take away infallibly all Rednels, Pimples, Freckles, Morphew, Scurf, &c. and gives her Advice in Phyſick as formerly, to her own Sex, who thro' Modeſty cannot relate their Diſorders to a Male Phyſician. She makes and ſets in the fineſt artificial Teeth, and infallibly cures the Tooth-Ach, never to return again; and has a Snuff which cures the Head-ach. She has an infallible Cure for After Pains proper for other Midwives to apply in Caſe of Need. A Catalogue of what ſhe prepares, viz. the Bavarian red Liquor for Cheeks, eſteem'd by all Ladies, being ſo natural a Bluſh; Cold Cream, or the Night-Pomatum; a Day-Pomatum, a Lip-Salve, a Pearl-Powder, a Pearl-Water, a Tooth-Powder, a Mouth-Water for the Scurvy.

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